

Studio One

Volume 37

Article 8

2012

Man Walked

Ariel Klein

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Klein, Ariel (2012) "Man Walked," *Studio One*: Vol. 37, 10-11.

Available at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol37/iss1/8

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Studio One by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csbsju.edu.

Man walked across the desert track
Flowed into valleys with dry breath
And again found a pit in his heart
He went to war and came back dead
But marched on through the valley still
And looked upon the windy hills
Man told his horse that he'd forgotten
Where it was he awoke that first night
And beheld the world
Where his memory had left him
And all he had was his sticky tongue and dry breath
Where he had left his crater and begun his life suffering
Man walked passed his ruminations and through the valley
To the windy foothills of blue and yellow
Through the foothills in which died everyone he ever loved
But he kept walking still
And in his heart again was the pit
Root in root, through his veins
The pit, as ornate as the pit of a peach
As ornate as the biting fly
Man walked continuing through
Then arrived at the foot of the great mountains
Above the sea whose endless wind and smell
Caressed man's head with fresh gentleness
And man, in his mind, had wonder
Wonder full of life, and not macabre like dream and death
Dream and death, dream and death
Pieces of man's own breath
And man continued to walk, now climb
Up the rocky mountain side
Where he had lost everything that had ever mattered

Yet he viewed from the height, the curved horizon
The sun spread sparks across the diamond sea
And again man was filled with wonder
That brought gentle happiness
Unlike dancing dream and death
Man was a shell when he reached the summit
All he had built was razed, all he had known was dust
For he had journeyed on, when the others had gone
When the earth had opened and devoured the city again and again
And nothing was left in man except his stride
Which he kept on through the night
Everyday from dusk to dawn
Gallop ing evanescent spirits
To the mountain top, which held all of his hopes
Where the great dry famine of his spirit would end
And he would drink from clean water that would finally wet his
mouth
And there would be no more dreaming and death
Man's breath grew more labored and intimate
And death herself was grasping his neck with her long fingers
Yet when man arrived at the gates on the summit of the earth
He touched his hand to the door, and then turned
And set back down the mountain.

Ariel Klein
St. John's University